



# [locked/private] Because being fifteen wasn't bad enough the first time.



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2009-07-20 12:05:00

MOOD: 😞 abashed

MUSIC: "They're Taking the Hobbits to Isengard!"

This is the third summer in a row you've saved my life,  
 [trollcatz](#) (<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>), and I wish I had some way to tell you thanks. Instead, I'm scribbling notes to myself, like this was high school and I was trying to nerve myself to stuff them in your locker.

This time you didn't give me CPR, or hold my head up when I couldn't do it myself anymore. This time it was the trip out West with you and me and Tasha and eventually Marti, which was I think the single nicest thing anybody has ever done for me. I felt guilty out there in the sun and the heat, with the dry wind picking up my hair—I felt guilty because I was doing those things, and Hafidha wasn't. But I felt alive, too, and it... cleaned me out a little.

Also, thank you for not telling me whatever it was that Marti and Tasha were saying when I came out of my tent that morning to cook. You can just keep that to yourself forever.

I probably should have put more thought into this whole traveling companion thing before I decided "Hey, we should swing through Vegas and collect Marti!" Memo to me, next time make sure the present and past romantic entanglements don't, you know, *like* each other.

This journal is turning into a real journal. The old-fashioned, closed-book kind. Well, I guess people got value of keeping a diary for hundreds of years before it was a kind of public display. Maybe I'll learn something about myself if I write it down and look at it.

Maybe it'll even be something good.

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This looks like a  
good idea.

...

This.

...

Little guy's not  
bad.

Gotta teach RHex  
to smear.

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